In Recital

Jorgianne Talbot, soprano

with

Roger Admiral, piano

Sunday, April 29, 2001 at 8:00pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Come Again (1597)	John Dowland (1563-1626)
Fain would I change that note (1605)	
When Daisies Pied (The Cuckoo Song) (1740) (words from *As you like it*, Shakespeare)	Thomas Arne (1710-1778) arr RJ Barclay Wilson
Dank sei Dir, Herr	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
From *Agrippina* (1709) Bel Piacere (libretto by V. Grimani)	
From *Giulio Cesare* (1732) V'adoro Pupille (libretto by Haym)	
From *Rinaldo* (1711) Lascia ch'io pianga (libretto by G. Rossi)	
Il mio bel foco	Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739)
From *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1786) Deh vieni, non tardar	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Intermission

Die Mainacht, Op. 43, No. 2 (1864) (poem by Holty)	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Nuit d'étoiles (1880) (poem by T. de Banville)	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Chevaux de bois (1885) (poem by Verlaine)	
Romance (1885) (poem by Bourget)	
Elfenlied (1888)	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Morgentau (1877) (poem by A. Reinhold)	
Er ist's (1888)	
Taken from *La Serva Padrona* Stizzoso, mio stizzoso (1733)	Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Talbot.

Ms Talbot is a recipient of the Vienna Opera Ball Society Scholarship.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Special thanks to Laurier Fagnan for his teaching, guidance and support.

Translation

Dank sei Dir, Herr/All Thanks to Thee, Lord
All thanks to Thee, All thanks to Thee, Lord, who has brought Thy people forth, Israel, safe through the sea! E'en as a flock following the shepherd, Lord, by Thy hand are we led, so by Thy grace salvation is ours. All thanks to Thee, All thanks to Thee, Lord, Who hast brought Thy people forth, Israel, safe through the sea.

Bel Piacere/Great Pleasure
'Tis great pleasure to enjoy. To enjoy a faithful love! This brings contentment to the heart. Splendour is not measured by beauty. If it does not come from a faithful heart.

V'adoro Pupille/I adore you, eyes
I adore you, eyes, missiles of love, Your spark is welcome to my breast. My sad heart desires you, who inspire pity, And whom it always calls its best beloved.

Lascia ch'io pianga/Let me weep
Recitative
Pitiless Armida! With fiendish force You have abducted me from the blessed Heaven, from my happiness. And here, in eternal pain, you hold me alive, tormented in Hell. Oh Lord, have pity, let me weep.

Aria
Let me weep my cruel fate, And let me breathe freedom! Let sorrow break these chains of my sufferings, for pity's sake.

Il mio bel foco/My beautiful fire
My beautiful fire, either distant or near that I may be, unchanged and constant ever, for you, dear eyes, will burn always. In my heart the flames that burn me all my soul do so enravish that never itself will it extinguish. And if by fate I return to you, lovely rays of my beautiful sun, my soul does not desire any other light nor will it ever wish any other.

Deh vieni, non tardar/Please come, don't delay
Recitative
The moment which I will enjoy without anxiety, in the arms of my idol, has finally arrived. Timid feelings, leave my breast; don't come to disturb my pleasure! Oh, how it seems that to amorous passion the pleasantness of the place, the earth, and the sky respond, as the darkness favors my connivings! Enticing. Come, my dear, among these sheltering trees! I want to crown your head with roses.

Aria
Please come; don't delay, oh beautiful joy. Come to where love calls you to enjoy yourself until the nocturnal torch doesn't shine in the sky anymore-until it's dark again, and the world is still. Here the stream murmurs; here the breeze, which revives the heart with its gentle rustling, plays. Here little flowers are laughing, and the grass is fresh. To the pleasures of love everything here is enticing. Come, my dear, among these sheltering trees! I want to crown your head with roses.

Die Mainacht/The May Night
When the silver moon shines through the shrubs, scattering its slumbering light on the grass, and the nightingale flutes, sadly, from bush to bush, I wander. By foliage concealed, a pair of doves coo out to me their ecstasy; but I turn away, seek deeper shade, and a solitary tear flows. When O smiling image that like dawn irradiates my soul, shall I find you on earth? And that solitary tear trembles the hotter down my cheek!

Nuit d'étoiles/Night of Stars
Night of stars, beneath your veils, amid your breezes and your scents, While a sad lyre is sighing, I dream of my late loves. Serene melancholy suddenly unfolds at the bottom of my heart, And I sense the soul of my beloved trembling in the dreaming forest. I see again, in our fountain, your glances blue as the skies; This rose, it is your breath, And these stars are your eyes.

Chevaux de bois/Wooden Horses
Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses, Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times. Turn often and do not stop, Turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes. The child quite red and the mother white, the boy in black and the girl in rose, Each one doing as he pleases, Each one spending his Sunday penny. Turn round, turn, horses of their choice, While at all your turning the sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance. Keep turning to the tune of the victorious trumpet! It is astounding how it intoxicates you, to move thus in this foolish circus, with empty stomachs and dizzy heads, feeling altogether badly, yet happy in the crowd; Turn, hobby horses, without needing ever the aid of spurs to make you gallop on. Turn round, turn, without any hope of hay, and hurry, horses of their fancy, Here, already the supper bell is sounded by night, which falls and disperses the crowd of gay drinkers, whose thirst has made them famished. Turn, turn round! The velvet sky arrays itself slowly with golden stars. The church tolls a mournful knell. Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.

Romance
The fleeting and suffering soul, the gentle soul, the fragrant soul of those divine lilies which I gathered in the garden of your thoughts, Whither have the winds driven it, that adorable soul of the lilies? Is there no fragrance remaining of the heavenly loveliness of those days when you enveloped me in a celestial haze, fashioned of hope, of faithful love, of blessedness and of peace?

Elfenlied/Song of the Elf
At night in the village the watchman cried, "Eleven!" A tiny little elf in the forest was fast asleep at eleven o'clock! And he thought that the nightingale in the valley was calling him by his name, or that Silpelit had summoned him. The elf rubs his eyes open, sets out from his snail-shell house and is just like a drunken man, as his nap was not quite finished. He stumbles then, tippety-tap, through the hazel-wood into the valley below, creeps very close to the wall, where sit the glow-worms, light upon light. "What are all those bright little windows? There must be a wedding in there: The little ones are sitting at a meal and amusing themselves in the hall. I will just peep a bit inside!" Ouch! He has banged his head on a hard stone! Elf, now then, have you had enough? Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Morgentau/Morning Dew
The early breeze has fanned away the sultry night! The flowers smile charmingly in their spring glory; Softly from the dark tree a bird sings in the early morning. It sings as if half in a dream, a sweet melody. The rosebud lifts her head aloft, timidly, for the sweet song has wondrously moved her. More and more unfold her petals, in their fullness, and a tear trembles forth in still secrecy.

Er ist's/It is spring
Spring lets its blue ribbon flutter once again in the breeze; Sweet, well-remembered scents pervade the land with promise. Violets are already budding, they will soon appear. Hear in the distance the soft sound of a harp! Spring, indeed it is you! I have sensed you!

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso/Angry one, my angry one
Angry one, my angry one, you are acting conceited, but it will do you no good. It is necessary, at my forbidding to be silent and not to speak. Hush, Serpina wants it thus. I believe that you understand me, since you have known me for a long, long time.